



"YOU CAN TRUST ME, DAD"



There's a delicious freshness to the flavor of

Coca-Cola

suggestive of a glorious Spring morning on the links—the cool, crisp air—the long stretch of green—the exhilarating thrill of a corking drive that clears the hazards and shoots straight down the middle of the course.

Demand the genuine by full name—
nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

ATLANTA, GA.

An Impossible Stipulation

"TO remain beautiful," declares a noted lecturer on domestic science, "one need only eat an onion, half a pound of spinach or cabbage, half a grated turnip and a handful of cranberries each day." Can it be possible that the lecturer expects anyone who is already beautiful to adhere to such a diet day in and day out? If so, the lecturer's knowledge of human nature is so small as to discredit all statements emanating from that source. Is there anybody, already beautiful, who would consent to eat an onion every day? There is not. Beautiful people don't eat onions unless they can be practically certain that everyone with whom they are to come in contact during the next few hours has also eaten onions. The onion-spinach-turnip-cranberry recipe may be a good thing for plain persons who wish to become beautiful; but if beautiful persons can't retain their beauty unless they devour an onion every day—farewell, beauty!

"WHY do you think he'll feel at home in the trenches?"
"He's a suburbanite."

Life

has received so much correspondence concerning musical settings for its prize song,

"A Marching Song for America"

that it has been compelled to make these regulations for the use of the copy-righted words.

Anyone is at liberty to make a musical setting for the words, but the song must not be published without first submitting to the Editors of LIFE the name of the proposed publisher and a copy of the contract with the publisher. The contract must be made subject to the approval of the Editors of LIFE, and must contain a provision that one-half of the royalties shall be turned over to LIFE. Any royalties received by LIFE will be used as contributions to its Fresh Air Fund and to its French Babies' Fund.

In the case of music-publishing houses a proposition on a royalty basis must be made to LIFE before arranging with any composer for the publication of a score.

LIFE is not in the music-publishing business, and wishes to assume no responsibility for the merit of the musical compositions; therefore it will be useless for composers to submit their scores to LIFE.

The Sport Alluring

LEARN to shoot. Every man—every woman—should be an expert with the gun. An hour or two at the traps each week will prove the finest kind of a treat.

Trapshooting is keen, clean sport with a thrill of excitement—an undefinable challenge to your spirit of achievement—in every target thrown.

Winging the wily clay pigeon has become quite de rigueur in smart country places and is proving a welcome boon to both host and hostess in the entertainment of house parties.

The "Sport Alluring" Booklet
on request

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO.

Wilmington



Delaware



Men Whose Smallness Qualifies Them for Bantam Regiments

THOSE who inveigh the loudest against forgetting to count shots correctly in a golf game, but always forget to count about two-thirds of their incomes when filing their Federal income-tax returns.

Those who display temper when they lose more than \$1.75 in a poker game.

Those who buy cocktails for eleven people with every appearance of cheerfulness, but emit poignant shrieks of anguish at the thought of paying a stamp tax of one cent on each cheque.

Retail dealers who are obliged to pay three cents more for certain commodities, and immediately force the public to pay ten cents more for them.

Speculators in wheat and corn.

The average censor.

The small group of wilful men.

Those who think we haven't a chance against German efficiency.

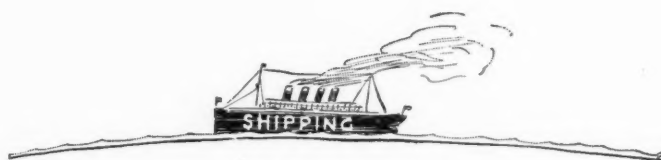
Men of draft age who hide behind women's skirts.

Those who spend \$13.86 for a dinner for two, but won't give more than \$5.00 to the Red Cross.

ONE authority says that food control will end the war. Another is positive that overwhelming superiority in the air will bring peace. A third concludes that some submarine-destroying invention will turn the tide, while a fourth asserts that a gigantic merchant fleet will be the deciding factor. Our guess is that plain American man-power in that simplest of all formations—infantry—is the thing that will turn the trick in the end.



What We Are in the War for



But we are in the war for something else besides these things pictured above. We are in it to destroy Prussian militarism. Read this genuine letter, received from an American boy by one of the members of our staff:

Somewhere in France.

DEAR MR. ———:

Thank you so much for sending me LIFE every week. I enjoy reading it immensely, and so do lots of others who know America and LIFE. It is a change from the *Continental Daily Mail*, which is about the only paper we can get out here.

We are continuously on the move at present, owing to the German retreat, and it means a lot of work, as Kite Balloon Sections are not exactly mobile. Our first move took us into country not so very long ago "No Man's Land," and the state of the whole place was indescribable. No one can realize it unless they have seen it. The Germans called it a desert, and it is the first true thing they have said. Now we are in country just evacuated and practically untouched by shell-fire, but every village has been burnt down or blown up, and everything of any value destroyed by the Huns in their retreat. Soon after we arrived here we had an exciting time, as a Hun aeroplane managed to evade our anti-aircraft guns, etc., and attacked our balloon and another successfully, bringing both down in flames. All the observers got out in parachutes, and came safely to earth. It is comforting to see our parachutes open up so well, as probably next time I shall be up in the balloon. We are moving again at present, and are almost wishing the line would settle down again, as the balloon is an unwieldy thing to move about. We are hoping the good weather is coming, but last month was awful, and April has not done any better. We have either raging hurricanes, pouring rain or blizzards. One minute the ground is covered with snow, the next minute it is under water.

I hope America's entry will help to end this sooner; the sooner the better, as far as all of us are concerned.

Please give my kindest regards to Mrs. ——— and the rest of your family.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE GODSON.

Send LIFE each week to a soldier at the front. Domestic rates will suffice if you send it to him in care of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers: no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 2

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The Savage

THE Savage has the best of it
In Africa or west of it!
Whatever meat
He finds to eat,
His stomach can digest of it.

His conscience isn't troublesome;
Of joy he has a double sum;
Unvexed by frills
And social ills,
His mirth is free and bubblesome.

No business ever hurries him;
And when a varlet worries him,
He takes a club
And smacks the cub,
Then fricassees or curries him.

His fancy weaves him airy tales
Of monkey-folk with hairy tails;
He never saw
A play by Shaw,
Nor read Dunsany's fairy tales.

The Savage has the best of it;
The world—he is possessed of it!
He loves and loafs
And laughs at oafs
Like us, who spoil the zest of it.

I want my wisdom frivilized,
My faith and creed unsnivellized,
And life a sort
Of sport—in short,
I wish I wasn't civilized!

Arthur Guiterman.

"I DIDN'T mind losing my throne so much," said Nicholas Romanoff in a recent interview, "for being Czar was getting to be a good deal of a bore. What I regret most is that since my change of address someone else is grabbing my copy of LIFE."

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

does away with every
odor of the body

—from perspiration or any other cause. "Mum" is a snow-white, greaseless cream, harmless and stainless. It keeps body and clothes fresh and sweet—no matter how sticky and hot the weather. Just a touch is enough—applied in a minute—lasts the whole day through.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Phila Pa



Resinol Soap

makes you *proud*
of your complexion

Resinol Soap is not only unusually pure, cleansing and softening, but its regular use helps nature give to the skin and hair that beauty of perfect health which it is impossible to imitate. Tendency to pimples is lessened, redness and roughness disappear, and in a very short time the complexion usually becomes clear, fresh and velvety.

The soothing, restoring influence that makes this possible is the Resinol which this soap contains and which physicians prescribe widely, in

Resinol Ointment, for the care of skin and scalp troubles.

If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, use a little Resinol Ointment at first. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Its extreme purity, its freedom from alkali, and its gentle medication adapt Resinol Soap peculiarly to the care of the hair and of a baby's easily-irritated skin.

Incidents, Not Causes

THE *New Republic* says that where the I. W. W.'s are able to make trouble, there are other good causes for it, and that the I. W. W. constantly gets advertisement from rows and deeds of violence which were done by somebody else. It disapproves of charging up to the I. W. W.'s so much mischief to which at most they were only contributors. It thinks it makes

them out much more important than they really are.

That sounds true.

Mosquitoes breed in marshes, but they don't make them. Drain the marsh and you get rid of the mosquitoes.

TEACHER: Can you tell where the good and bad boys go?

JOHNNY: To the circus.

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1916, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty years. In that time it has expended \$161,919.26 and has given a fortnight in the country to 38,190 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column

Previously acknowledged	\$6,151.85
Mrs. A. D. Britton	5.00
I. B. Steele	7.12
Mrs. Glenn Carley	14.25
Anne M. Roby	3.00
Jennie H. Wyckoff	15.00
"Spaby"	2.00
Pennies collected at Pine Mountain Settlement School by Miss Helen C. Strong	4.56
The McWain Children	4.00
Miss Ruth Shriver	10.00
J. T. Crouch	1.00
In memory of P. S. P., Jr.	5.00
Edith R. Root	10.00
Miss Marion W. Goddard	25.00
"New Mexico"	50.00
In memory of Gerald	25.00
A. G. H.	3.00
In memory of H. P. H. and G. H.	15.00
Mrs. James N. Andrews	50.00
Mrs. Francis J. Danforth	5.00
"E. A. C."	10.00
A Friend	2.00
M. Mitchell	10.00
H. & I. R.	20.00
Francis D. Martin	1.00
"In loving memory of C. H. Wood"	4.48
M. C. H.	2.00
C. E. Eveleth	21.00
Mrs. A. J. Post	10.00
Nancy Sabbage and Paddy Swable, Hartsdale, N. Y.	10.00
"In Memoriam H. W. P."	10.00

\$6,506.26

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

One large unbreakable doll and cap, two children's dresses, one pair knitted booties, one pair felt booties from H. B. Hussey, La Forge Cottage, Newport, R. I.

Package of clothing from Mrs. H. von L. Meyer, Suffern, N. Y.

Package of clothing and shoes from C. Smith, New York City.

Fifteen pairs new stockings, fifteen pairs new shoes for children, basket of peaches, basket of tomatoes, quantity of lettuce and greens sufficient for entire party, from Mrs. Huntzinger, New York City.

Box of clothing, neckties and books from Mrs. A. R. McFarland, Syracuse, N. Y.

From twenty per cent to fifty per cent. discount on all goods purchased from his company during past years, including this year: Mr. Andrew R. Jones, President Danbury Hardware Co., Danbury, Conn.

One suit underwear, two pairs of slippers, ten ribbons, eleven rubber balls, and toy with candy in it from Miss Nanna M. Levy, New York.

Box of children's clothing, shoes, shirt-waists and underclothing from Mrs. Franklin Edson, Greenwich, Conn.

Intimate Interviews

George Creel

"EXCUSE me a moment while I hearst this dispatch." The speaker, who was none other than the celebrated George Creel, added a few picturesque phrases, and then, looking up, discovered—George Creel.

"What are you doing here?" he asked. "You ought to be over in the War Department, writing to-morrow's news for the Bulletin."

"I know it, old chap, but really, don't you think we ought to get together? We ought to understand one another better, don't you think?"

"You mean that we ought to agree upon the stories that we are putting out? Never! What's the use of being a censor if you can't disagree with yourself? My dear fellow, you don't understand this job at all."

"Well, what's your idea of it?"

"My idea is to cast a lurid glow over every news dispatch that I write, and when anyone else writes one, not to let it go through."

"Then shake. We are one without knowing it."

Whereupon George Creel shook hands solemnly with George Creel.

Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON, President of the United States, regarded Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States with austerity.

"I have constituted myself the teacher, the special instructor of the whole American people," he observed coldly. "Why, then, do you intrude upon my meditations? I do not care for the counsel of other men. I believe in a partisan administration."

So saying, he looked severely once more at Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, and that gentleman, realizing that he had committed an error of democratic diplomacy, and stood in danger of having himself censored, discreetly withdrew.

Nicholas Romanoff

IT was a quiet day in midsummer. Nicholas Romanoff was busy hoeing potatoes in the back garden, when he turned suddenly, aware of another, and was confronted by—Nicholas Romanoff.

"We have never met before, I believe."

"Yes, this is the first time. I have



AT LIFE'S FARM
IN THE LOWER FIELD



BEFORE THE WAR



AND WHAT WE MAY EXPECT NOW

THE BENCH-SHOW PHOTOGRAPH

been so busy holding down the Russian throne, and keeping solid with the Kaiser and my wife at the same time, that we have never had the opportunity to have a heart-talk with one another."

"Well, what do you think of me?"

"I wouldn't dare tell you."

"Out with it."

"You are just a plain boob."

"That's precisely what I think of you."

"Ought we to say anything more to each other? The revolution is over, Russia is coming back, and you and I will soon be forgotten. In the circumstances, Nicholas, the less said the better."

"Agreed."

And thus they parted.

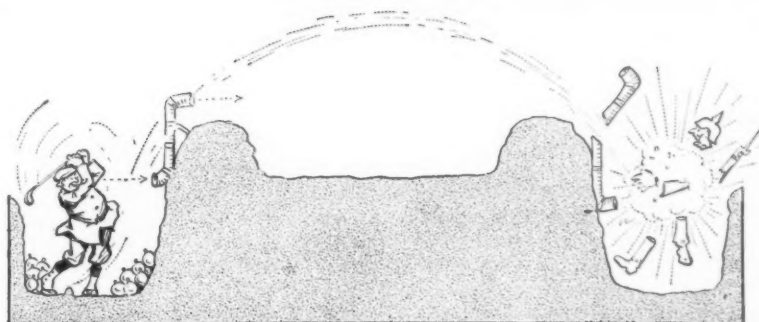
From the Front

SOMEWHERE IN THE SERVICE.

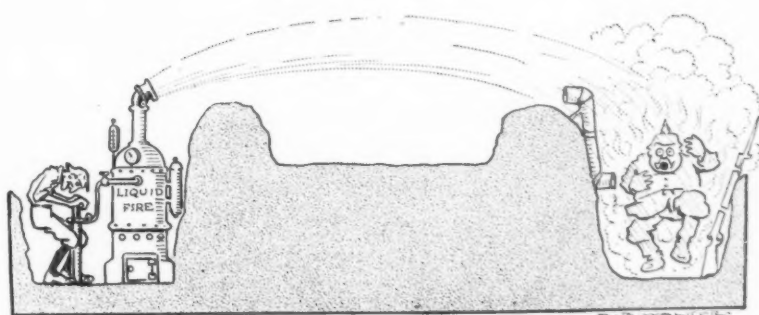
DEAR LIFE: Last week, after breakfast, the telephone bell rang—and it was a lady speaking—and she said, "I have some magazines, if you would care for them." We would. . . . That afternoon, in the recreation room, every man was enjoying LIFE, and in the next room every officer was enjoying LIFE. And I just wanted you to know about it.

We thank you.

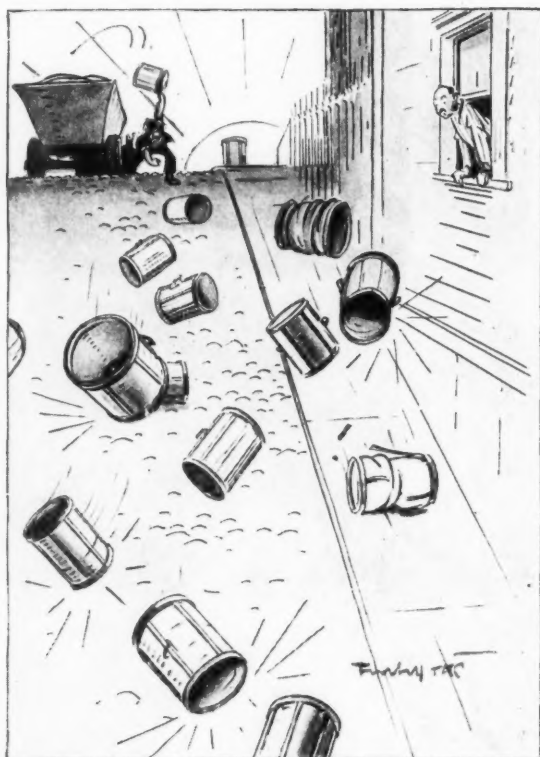
J. S. G.



THE ELDERLY GOLFERS' BOMB BRIGADE



THE TIRE-PUMPERS' LIQUID-FIRE BATTALION
(FOR OLD BUT PATRIOTIC MOTORISTS)



DAWN IN THE CITY
AS IT SEEMS TO A SENSITIVE NATURE

The Harvest

THERE were fields of budded wheat;
There was clover blowing sweet
For the hay,
When Michel, Raoul and Jean,
Sword and rifle buckled on,
Went away.

Now the fields are trampled bare,
Yet a richer harvest's there
Than the grain,
Where the new, white crosses tell
How came Jean, Raoul, Michel
Back again.

Charlotte Becker.

You All Know Him

"TIS Blough doing his bit?"

"He seems to think that he is, but as near as I can make out, it consists of looking around to find something for others to do."

"WHAT languages does he speak?"
"Golf, baseball and American."

Clothes and the War

THE bearing that clothes have on the war seems never to have occurred, even to the most acute observers; yet if nobody wore any clothes, it is extremely doubtful if there would have been any war. Clothes are becoming more scarce all the time; and as it is harder to get them all the time, so we see the war drawing to an end. A state of nudity would mean a state of peace.

If there were no clothes, there would be scarcely any trade, for almost all the articles of commerce have to do with wearing apparel of some sort. If there were no clothes, no one would care who controlled the road to the Orient, or any other world highway. It requires an effort of the imagination to visualize the happy condition of mankind without clothes. For one thing, practically all of the diseases known to modern civilization would vanish. One of the most effective cures for tuberculosis is for the patients, even in the coldest weather, to expose their bare bodies to the fresh air and sunlight. A recent absurd physical custom is the affectation among our girls of wearing furs in summer. It is well known that the wearing of furs—and especially fur coats—is unhealthy. It softens the tissues and renders the body susceptible to disease.

Without clothes there would be no erotic literature, no artificiality of thought, no vanity; nothing but simplicity, naturalness, useful living. Practically every world power can raise enough food to support itself. If everybody went without clothes, therefore, there would be no reason for any world power to contend with another world power.

And as for style, think of what Paris could teach us in the way of gestures and carriage! How can any ambitious woman at present have genuine style when she is all covered up! We ought to realize how ridiculous this is!



Workman: CHEER UP, BOSS! A HOLIDAY IS SOON OVER!



SPEED THE PARTING PEST
CEREMONIES INCIDENTAL TO THE ABDICATION OF THE KAISER

Alas, the Poor Kaiser!

LO and behold the poor Kaiser. He is more to be deposed than pitied.

For three years he has been making war upon everybody in sight in the most unsuccessful, not to say highly reprehensible and atrocious manner.

But now he finds himself in several different kinds of quandaries and a half-dozen different varieties of dilemmas.

He has concluded that the time has come to make peace, but he can't find anybody to make it with.

He is unable to make peace either with his enemies or his allies or his people or his associates in the government or with the neutral countries.

His enemies will not make peace with him because he comes in too arrogant a spirit and demands too much.

His allies will not make peace with him because they fear it will merely get them into another war a little later.

His people will not make peace with him because they are disgusted with his rule and want it to cease.

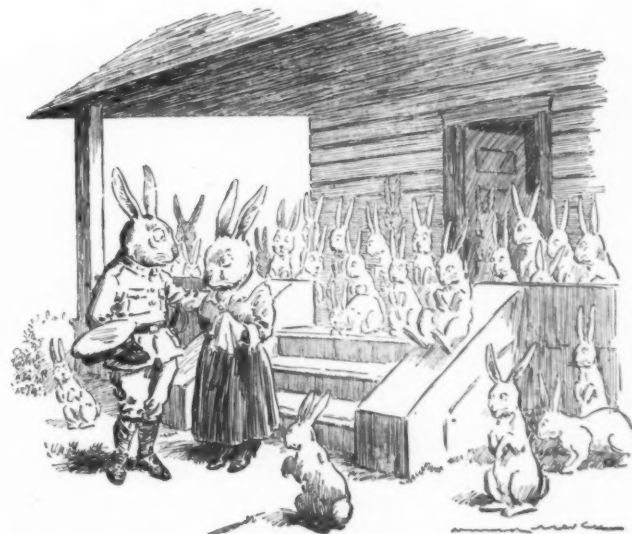
His associates in the government will not make peace with him because they see his dominion drawing to a close and each one of them wants to save his own skin.

And the neutrals will not make peace with him because they have already been greatly annoyed by being at peace with him.

Alas, the poor Kaiser! It must be a great disappointment to find it easier to make war than to make peace.

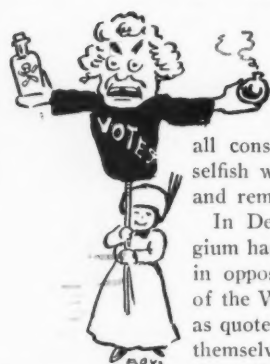
DEACON (*butting into street mix-up*): A little religious talking to will stop those fellows.

BYSTANDER: You'd better not try it, mister. It was religion that started the scrap.



Captain Bunny (*departing*): KISS THE CHILDREN FOR ME, MARIA. I HAVEN'T ANOTHER HOUR TO SPARE.

"Let the Belgians Die" They Said



THOSE are a very dangerous lot of women who got themselves in jail in Washington by obstreperous law-breaking in behalf of suffrage legislation. They are quit of all restraints of propriety, dead to all considerations of patriotism. They are purely selfish women, obsessed with one purpose and cruel and remorseless in their pursuit of that.

In December, 1914, when our sympathy for Belgium had started relief efforts, almost the only voice in opposition came from two New York members of the Woman's Political Union. Both these women, as quoted at the time in the *Evening Post*, "declared themselves as whole-heartedly against any efforts for relief of the Belgians, the soldiers, or any persons suffering from the war." Both agreed, as quoted, that if warring nations could not look after the sufferers by war, combatants and non-combatants, it was better to let them die and so end the war more quickly. One of them said:

"We have only a certain amount of time and money to give; therefore, we both believe in devoting it to the one cause that, more than any other, will make such inhuman wars impossible in the future—votes for women."

The *Post* printed the names of these two women. The one quoted above is among the women sentenced to a fine in Washington and who did time in jail, and on the front pages of the newspapers. She is doubtless delighted to have got to the extreme front in the suffrage war. She is a fair type of these extreme suffrage fanatics, whose activity is based, as a rule, on a neurotic inheritance, and is as little governed by mercy of any sort as it is by discretion.

The idea of abolishing war by giving votes to furries of that sort is obviously absurd. Behind such women in their private lives one finds a wake of distress, disorganized families, disordered lives of husbands, children and relatives. In so far as they ever get their hands on public affairs, similar consequences may be expected to follow. Suffragists, as a mass, are not in sympathy with these fighting fanatics and cannot work with them, but seem willing enough to accept any advantage to the cause that their ferocity may win.

To fight women is a bad job, especially for men, and we should be sorry for anyone who is trapped into it. But as for these women who took jail sentences rather than pay a small fine, waste no tears on them! Be sorry rather for their

relatives. Remember that one among them declared three years ago, for publication in a newspaper, that it was better to let the Belgians die and so end the war the sooner.

Sh!

THIS is an age of efficiency. When the demand for anything becomes strong enough, then the proper thing is to appoint a committee to manage it, and to create a department to contain it.

Why, then, has our government neglected to create a regular Department of Secrecy, with a Secretary of Secrecy and a Committee of Silence? The deaf and dumb asylums ought to be mobilized at once.

Our crop of secrecy has never been larger, and it is growing all the time.

At present, however, it must be confessed that things do leak out. The shameful manner in which it has been stated by thoughtless people that our troops are actually somewhere in France, shows that even our active administration is sometimes caught napping. If rumors like this are permitted to prevail—who knows?—somebody in America might learn just how many troops we actually have on the Western front. That would be very terrible.

We hear also an occasional band of music breaking loose with reckless disregard for the stern dictum from Washington that nobody must allow any inspiration or sentiment to betray him into foolish outbursts. To be cheerful, to be spontaneous, to be tuneful, to be candid and open with ourselves that we shall know even a fraction as much of what we are doing as Germany knows every day—all this is, or ought to be, the foundation of our latest democracy—a democracy builded upon minimum information and maximum taxes.

The first thing our Department of Secrecy will do, of course, is to suppress all military bands.

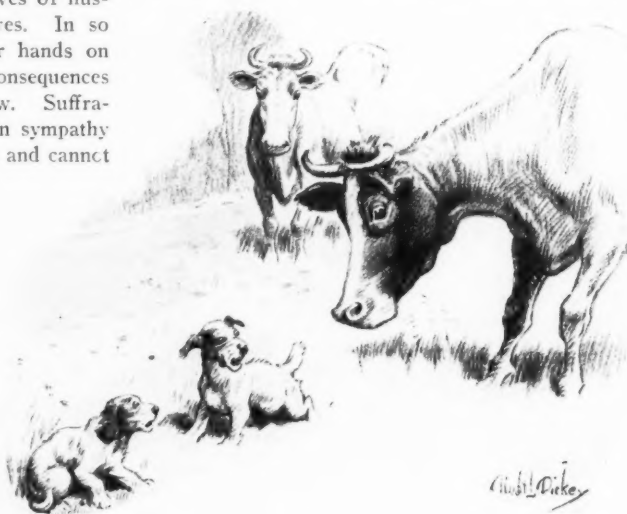
If we could see our Loys marching by in broad daylight, and hear a band playing, and actually know what is being done, we might lose our heads with patriotic joy, and quite possibly win the war much sooner than is absolutely necessary.

Sh!

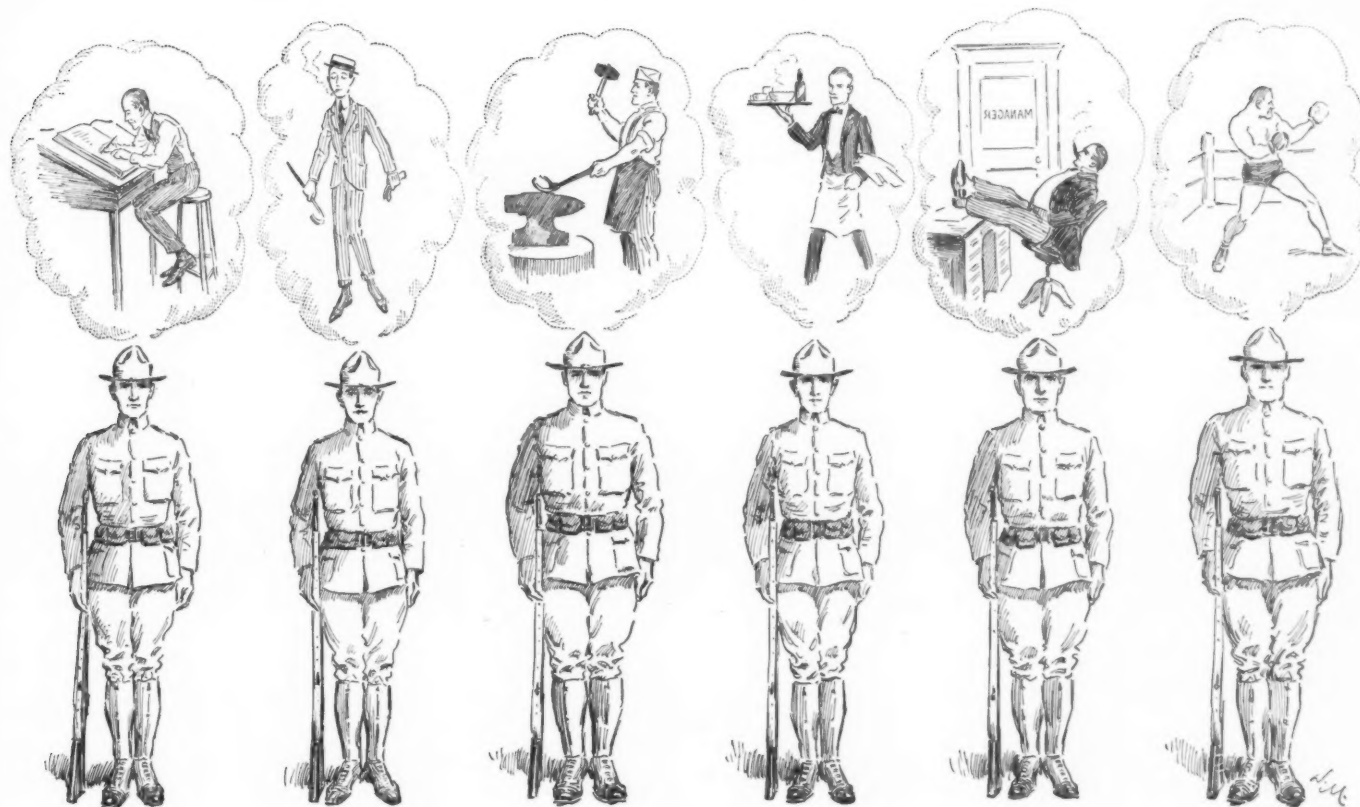
Salesmanship

SALESMAN (as spinster comes to the door): Ah! I beg your pardon. I am selling a book of beauty hints, but I can see that you don't need a copy.

SPINSTER: Well—ahem!—you may let me have a copy for a friend of mine.



"DON'T BE AFRAID, SISTER! THERE AIN'T ANY FIGHT IN A COW"



"IT ISN'T WHAT YOU USED TO BE—IT'S WHAT YOU ARE TO-DAY."



THE BOOK AGENT

"NOTHING DOWN, AND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE TO PAY FOR IT"

Close Escapes for Royalty

KAISER WILHELM of Germany, whose recklessness is well known in military circles, yesterday ordered his bomb-proof portable headquarters to be moved within ten miles of the actual firing. The Crown Prince himself, for all his impetuosity, has hardly ever displayed such unparalleled dash and valor. The Kaiser was so thrilled at his own bravery that he decorated himself at once with the Iron Cross.

The ex-Czar of Russia, during his last visit to the front, was, with difficulty, restrained from seizing a pair of binoculars that would have brought the trenches into plain sight.

His Majesty wept bitterly at being deprived of the binoculars. "What is the use of being a Czar," he cried, "if one cannot watch one's soldiers being killed?" It was this incident, rumor states, which led him to abdicate the throne.

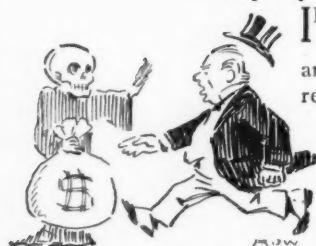
The King of Rumania is thinking seriously of a new Rumanian offensive. This has given him a furious headache, which, however, he is bearing with stoical calm. "I believe," he says, "that a king should be an example to his men."



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 10

ONLY AN HOUR AGO MRS. WILLOWBY TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF BUYING MOLLY A PAIR OF WATER-WINGS

Osteopathy and the Army



IF you belong to that numerous clan who are accustomed to find relief from bodily ills at the deft hands of osteopathic physicians, you will have to forego that pleasure upon entering the army or navy.

To all intents and purposes, it would appear that the army and navy have not discovered that there is such a science as osteopathy, which, in spite of the most violent opposition on the part of the old-fashioned medical profession, has established itself in the community by sheer merit, and can produce ample

records of marvelous cures where all else failed. The military organizations have elaborate medical establishments, but no osteopathy. If a soldier isn't satisfied to be experimented upon with pills and serums in which he has no confidence, he must suffer the consequences of being in an atmosphere where the treatment of disease is in the hands of a close corporation.

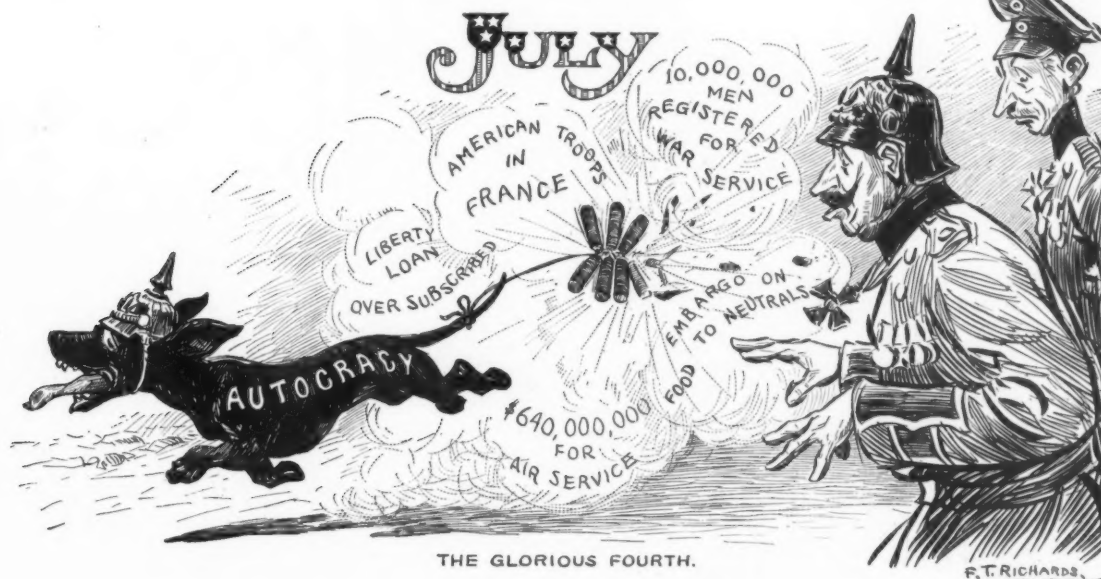
Numerous efforts to break through this monopoly by direct appeal to the army and navy authorities have failed. As all such matters have to be referred to the medical department, it is easy to see what the medical department would say. Indeed, cases have been reported where soldiers got "in bad" by surreptitiously securing osteopathic assistance.

Now, however, a bill has been introduced into Congress requiring that there shall be at least one osteopathic physician for each regiment. This is a modest request from any point of view, except the doctor's, and the bill ought to be passed. If Congress in this way forces the military authorities to bring themselves up-to-date in this important matter, and osteopathy in the army is as popular and as efficient as in civil life, it is a safe prediction that the osteopathic physician in each regiment will not long remain a solitary figure.

SOME of our congressmen evidently believe that Germany can be smitten with the jawbone of an ass.



ELIZA CROSSES THE CHINESE ICE



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

F.T. RICHARDS.



THE TAIL OF A KITE

"SEEN AS HOW I AM SO EARLY DONE FOR,
I WONDER WHAT I EVER WAS BEGUN FOR."

SKIMP CLOTHING, WITH NO
POCKETS, TO BE THE STYLE
FOR MEN.

"LET US HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT MAKES MIGHT,
AND IN THAT FAITH LET US DARE TO DO OUR
DUTY AS WE UNDERSTAND IT."
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

RUNNING WILD.

German Attributes

GERMAN wit is heavy:
So is German beer:
German food is coarse and crude:
German books are drear.

German architecture
Has no lasting grace:
German style is simply vile:
German plots are base.

German opera singers
Bore us with their weight:
Few can stand the German band
Playing Hymns of Hate.

Dry is German music:
German art is poor:
German men, nine times in ten,
Play the beastly boor.

Sportsmanship and manners
Have no German friends:
Honor, too, is lost to view,
When it serves their ends.

Germans have no morals:
German jokes are flat:
Stupid, dull and thick of skull,
Germans are, and fat.

From this awful Kultur
May the world be free,
And, by might of truth and right,
Safe for you and me.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

Wide Open Marriages

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Boston, Judge Loring of the Supreme Court has ruled that marriages in Massachusetts by Mormon clergymen are valid, and will be so recognized by the courts. Apparently no obstacles are going to be placed in the way of people getting married in Massachusetts, except, possibly, such incidental ones as the high cost of living.

But there is really no reason why the line should be drawn at Mormon clergymen. These gentlemen, it is quite true, are experts at marrying, and from practice could probably marry a man oftener in a given period than any other expert. But marrying other people, after all, is not a difficult job, considering the trouble it causes,



Mendacious Fisherman: HELP! I'M DROWNING!
Friend Who Knows Him: GUESS YE'LL HAVE TO PROVE IT FIRST!

and doesn't take any more expert knowledge than changing a tire. Why not extend the privilege to policemen, barbers, street-car conductors and messenger boys? Getting married nowadays ought to be made as easy as getting a divorce, or getting shot.

MRS. SMITH: Sam, are you going to get married, like some other people I've heard of, to keep from going to war?

SAM: No'm, I ain't goin' to git married. If I has to fight, I want to fight a man!



A RING-SIDE SEAT



Gott



AUGUST 9, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 70
No. 1815

Published by

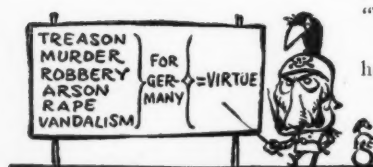
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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gravity. Formerly it was in England. Now it is here."

So said Louis Raemaekers, who landed in New York on July 24th.

"Of course it is impossible," he said; "of course it is impossible, but I believe it would be better for the world if the Germans—all the Germans—were exterminated."

These are the sentiments of a remarkable man who has watched the war at close quarters since it started, and who, when it began, had every reason that comes from ties of blood and friendship to think as well of Germans as he could. His mother was German. He had German relatives; an uncle in the German army. Many of his best friends were German. But from over the line in Holland he watched the German work, and his soul turned against it. "I know them well," he says. "That is why I am certain that they must be beaten until every bone is broken; that they must be trampled upon until their national spirit is shattered."

His special reason for thinking that the extermination of the Germans is desirable is that they have two souls, one that they use for ordinary human intercourse, and the other for the concerns of their nation. And for this latter soul there is no right or wrong, since everything that promises to

"YOU do not realize, perhaps, but America is now the pivotal point of the war—the centre of

benefit the nation is held to be right.

We know that is true; that the supreme good for Germans has been what promised to benefit their state and make it strong and rich. We know by observation that nothing has been wrong in German eyes that promised to advance this process. We know that the destruction or enslavement of the rest of mankind and the confiscation of their lands and property would look right to Germans if Germany fattened on it. Belgium is the leading witness of these truths, but there are scores of others.



NEVERTHELESS, all discussion of the expediency of exterminating the Germans is academic. It is impossible, as M. Raemaekers admits, and if it were possible the expense of it would exceed the profits. Nobody but Germans could do such a job. In Houston Chamberlain's celebrated book ("The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century"), which contains all the germs of the destructive German idea, the extirpation of undesirable nations is encouraged as a necessary duty. But no Europeans but Germans or Turks could discharge such a duty in cold blood under orders. Even though matters were running much stronger for the Allies than they are at this time, the German masses might feel safe from extirpation or grievous punishment in cold blood. Their masters

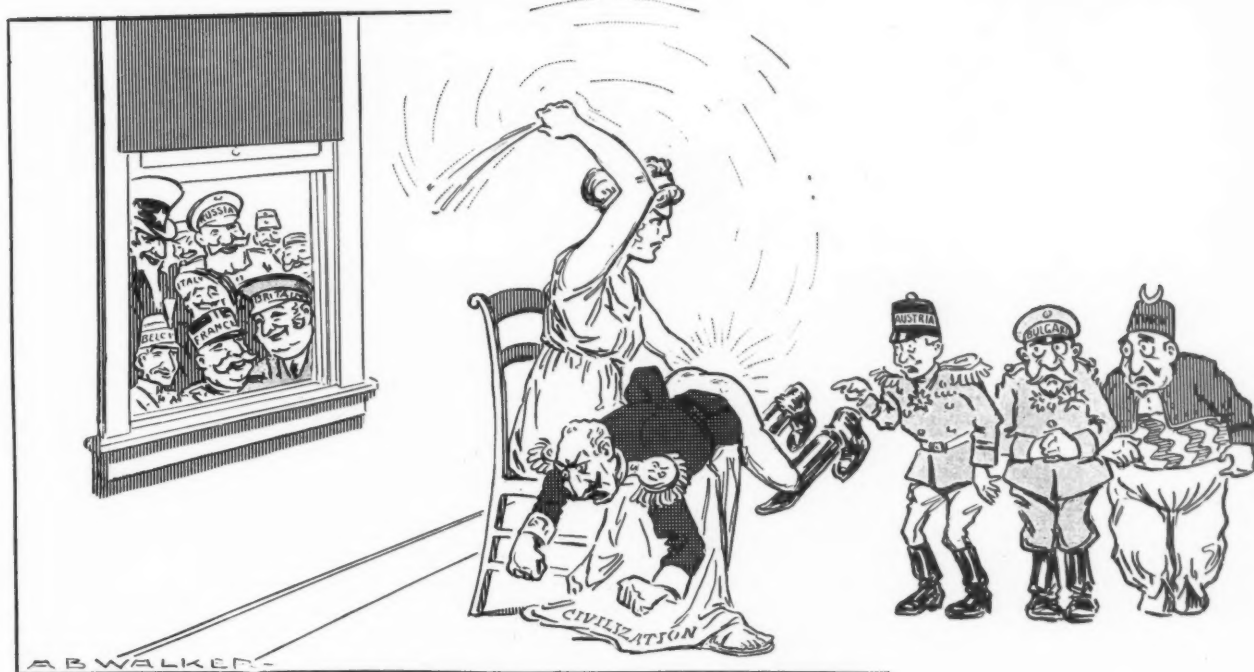
and teachers constantly impress on them that if they are beaten in the war they will suffer a horrible retribution. That fear helps to hold them together. It is constantly reinforced by new crimes and cruelties to the population of conquered territory. The German war-masters seem deliberately to seek to make the German case so black that all Germans will feel that they have no choice but victory or destruction, and that it is better to starve at home or die in battle than to be beaten and survive. Just as the war-masters have used frightfulness to terrify their enemies, so now they use it to terrify their own people.

But the truth is that none of the nations that are fighting them is capable of German behavior, even to Germans. If Germany is beaten to a standstill it may be possible to visit justice on some of the misdirectors of the German people, but the German masses would almost immediately be better off than they have been for two years past. Their real punishers are their own leaders, who know what their own deserts are, and will feed the last common German to the guns of the Allies in the effort to save their own necks.

The real war now is between the German war-masters and the German people. So far the masters are ahead, but whenever they are beaten, whether by Germans or by the Entente Allies, the other war will end.



HOPES of an early end of the war must be based on a good deal on expectation that the mass of Germans will conclude that their war-masters have got them in wrong, and that they are wasting their lives in an unprofitable effort. That sentiment is already pretty strong in Germany. If it should increase enough in force to tip the war-masters out, much trouble and expense and sorrow would be averted. But of course we cannot count on any such increase, and with the Russians running loose all over their large lot, German disgust with the war will hardly come to a head immediately. The



Austria: DON'T BLAME US, TEACHER. HE MADE US DO IT

Russian confusion imparts soberness to the war prospects, but so long as we are hustling as hard as we can, we are entitled to look on the bright side of them.

Senator Borah has been saying in the Senate how important it is that we should feel it to be an American war, which we have entered for sufficient American reasons. That is right. We are in it for American reasons, and we should all feel so. We are not merely going over to help some of the neighbors over a hard spell of work, but because our liberty of action has been violated and our present and future safety in the world imperilled. We talk about a League to Enforce Peace. All the strong nations available for such a League are now fighting the Teutonic powers. If they cannot beat them they are not strong enough to enforce peace, and have nothing better to look forward to than more wars at German convenience.

Senator Borah is right in emphasizing that we are in the war for American reasons, but he is not very proficient in looking on the bright side.

He talks about millions of graves of American soldiers in Europe, in case of Russian collapse, but says nothing about the immense improvement in our transportation facilities that is implied by such anticipations. The combined efforts of all the Allies for three years have availed to kill about a million German soldiers out of six or seven times that number who got to the front.



BY the time a million American soldiers are buried in European soil we shall have had at least five million troops at the front, and it will need to be explained what befell the German submarines. Casualties there will be when our troops reach the fighting line; fatalities there will be, of course; grievous lists of them, no doubt; but talk of millions of American soldiers buried in Europe does not fit the practical possibilities of the situation. It is all right for Mr. Hearst

to talk of sending "a million of our splendid young Americans every year of a war which may last from seven to ten years, to be offered up in bloody sacrifice to the ambition of contending nations," and to say we ought to make peace now while we can. Hearst is against the war, and makes our case out as bad as he can, but Senator Borah believes we had to get into the war and have got to go through with it, and scare-talk that suits Hearst by no means suits him. The war isn't going to last from seven to ten years, and there will not be any million new American graves in Europe. People who talk of such possibilities do an ill service to a great cause, which, in the main, is going prosperously to a termination likely to be speedy.

But it may be true, as M. Raemaekers says, that this country is now the pivotal point of the war, and the way to have it over is for us to strike with all our might. The harder and swifter our punch, with ships and airships and men, the fewer graves of American soldiers there will be in Europe.



Toward Mornin



Welcome in France



PAUL COURTOUDON, BABY 765

NO wonder our American soldiers are welcome in France. Their assistance as fighters is of course appreciated by our sorely tried ally. Before our soldiers had become comrades in arms with the French soldiers, American generosity had given many assurances to the French people that American sympathy was theirs. All over France that sympathy has made itself felt in the alleviation of suffering and unhappiness.

In proportion to their numbers, no part of the American people has given stronger

CHARLES PORTIER,
BABY 194

With gratitude we acknowledge from

The children of St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1513.....	\$73
Wm. H. Cravens, Fayetteville, Ark., for Baby No. 1514.....	73
"Russian Bank," San Francisco, Cal., for Babies Nos. 1515 and 1516.....	146
Mrs. Zora K. Bodler, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1517.....	73
Mrs. Willis B. Sterling, Erie, Pa., for Baby No. 1518	73
Women of Churchville, Pa., for Baby No. 1519....	73
Edward S. Acton and Charles H. Acton, Shawinigan Falls, Canada, for Baby No. 1520.....	73
M. S., Boston, for Baby No. 1522.....	73
W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Montana, for Babies Nos. 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527 and 1528.....	438
R. B. R., Pittsburgh, Pa., for Baby No. 1529.....	73
Mrs. Henry F. Clark, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1530.....	73
Miss Grace Miller Ford and George R. Ford, Jr., Perrysburg, Ohio, for Babies Nos. 1531 and 1532	146
Mary C. Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Baby No. 1533	73
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Col., on account of Baby No. 1365.....	3
Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J., on account of Baby No. 1444.....	3

FOR BABY NUMBER 1488

Already acknowledged.....	\$71.78
R. M. Friedman, Wichita, Kansas.....	1.22

FOR BABY NUMBER 1502

Already acknowledged.....	\$60
R. M. Friedman, Wichita, Kansas.....	3.78
W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.....	9.22

FOR BABY NUMBER 1521

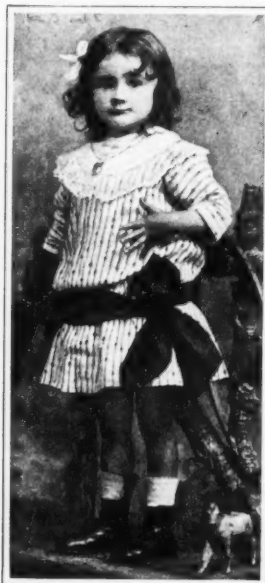
The Kindergarten Class of the Unitarian Sunday School, Taunton, Mass.....	\$36.50
W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.....	36.50

FOR BABY NUMBER 1512

Keokuk, Lee County, Iowa, Equal Suffrage Association.....	\$12
Dubuque County, Iowa, Equal Suffrage Association.....	12
Calhoun County, Iowa, Equal Suffrage Association.....	2
W. A. Clark, Jr., Butte, Mont.....	16.28
Marguerite Thurman, New York City.....	3
In memory of Rupert F. Claffin, Quincy, Mass.....	5
Proceeds of a play given by the Misses Julian, Sherer, Deeves, Jenks, Brodhead and Hacket and Richard Cunningham, at Sea Gate, N. Y.....	22.72

FOR BABY NUMBER 1534

Proceeds of a play given by the Misses Julian, Sherer, Deeves, Jenks, Brodhead and Hacket and Richard Cunningham, at Sea Gate, N. Y.....	\$3.78
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MARIE HOURAT, BABY 865

evidence of American good-will than the readers of LIFE. To more than fifteen hundred French homes, desolate in the loss of husband and father, LIFE's readers have sent material aid and the consolation of an unexpected friendship. In every one of those homes there are grateful friends of the American soldier in France.

LIFE has received for the French babies \$113,509.53, from which 617,879.95 francs have been remitted to the office of The Fatherless Children of France in Paris.

In this list we print first the number and name of the baby, followed by the names of the contributors.

1434. Marize Imbert. Elizabeth Clark and Martha Hamilton Clark, Detroit, Mich.	
1437. Antonin Jault. Geo. T. Fulford, Brockville, Canada.	
1456. Andrée Joyeux. Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal.	
1432. Emile Joyeux. Mount Wilson Solar Observatory, Pasadena, Cal.	
1438. Rose Karsenty. Elsie Lyon, Meriden, Conn.	
1440. Pierre Lapeyrie. N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La.	
1464. Yvonne Le Calvez. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.	
1474. Gabrielle Leclercq. Mrs. John G. Clemson, Portland, Oregon.	
1452. Albert Louchard. George W. Dulany, 3d, Clinton, Iowa.	
1400. Raymonde Mathien. Blanche and Nancy Castleman, Rochester, N. Y.	
1468. Madeleine Mercier. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.	
1453. André Millien. "In memory of Adele La Gros."	
1443. Jeanne Minard. Miss Lucy Branch Allen, Leonia, N. J.	
1510. Henri Mongin. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Fleek, Newark, Ohio.	
1502. Maurice Morton. Several contributors.	
1450. Guy Obach. Several contributors.	
1449. Suzanne Olivier. "Anonymous," New York City.	
1492. Marcel Paris. "A Cattleman of New Mexico."	
1476. France Pascaud. Currier Hall Girls, State University of Iowa, by Dean Anna Klingenhagen.	
1478. Henriette Pelle. Abigail Adams, D. A. R., Des Moines, Iowa.	
1505. Albert Petit. Miss Mary Fornace, Philadelphia, Pa.	
1447. Jules Philippon. Several contributors.	
1454. Simone Pointeau. "A Group from Toledo, Ohio," Ogunquit, Me.	
1458. Suzanne Pollier. Mrs. Miltor Rouss, Charles Town, W. Va.	
1494. Marie Pouret. "The Misses B. of New Mexico."	
1442. Marius Quicroit. Mrs. R. J. Curtis, Herkimer, N. Y.	
1420. André Rameau. D. W. R., Detroit, Mich.	
1421. France Rameau. D. W. R., Detroit, Mich.	
1444. René Richard. Herbert K. Salmon, Netcong, N. J.	
1445. Augustine Riffard. Elizabeth Crary, Warren, Pa.	
1513. Auguste Rodureau. The children of St. Paul's Episcopal Sunday School, Cleveland, Ohio.	
1488. Emile Rossi. Several contributors.	
1514. Jean Rossy. Wm. H. Cravens, Fayetteville, Arkansas.	
1493. Marie Schmitt. "A Cattleman of New Mexico."	

(Continued on page 235)



King Solomon: YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE THING. WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

"I'M ONE OF YOUR MAJESTY'S WIVES."

"I THOUGHT YOUR FACE LOOKED FAMILIAR."

In the Department Store

FLOORWALKER: Sure! I knew our troops were over there all along.

GENTS' COLLARS (with significant glance at ribbon counter): I think I'll enlist to-morrow. Might as well die in France as anywhere.

CANDY CLERK (taking another stick of gum): My, I do feel so sorry for them poor Belgians. How does my hair look, Mame?

LACE CLERK: An' he said to me, he said, "Honest, Mag, if I ain't killed on the battlefield, an' live to come back, an' you've as much as spoke to another

fellow, I'll kill myself right there." My! I'm so scared I don't dast look at a fellow.

CASHIER: He's only a lieutenant now, but of course he'll be a general before long. I'm making him a swell comfort bag, and when he comes back—

CASH GIRL: Gee, I wish I was growed up. I wanna be a Red Cross nurse.

PATRIOTIC PROPRIETOR: The war hasn't hurt business in the least. We'll make another contribution to the Red Cross.

PORTER: I'se bought mah Liberty Bond, got mah Red Cross button, mah

eldest and only boy is in de ahmy, an' Ah ain't ett nawthin' but chitlin's an' cone pone foh a month. Now if dat ain't patriotism, what am it—tell me?

SCRUBWOMAN: My baby's sick, my husband's in the hospital with a broken leg, an' I'm all stove up with rheumatiz, but I'd die disgraced if I didn't have a Red Cross button.

LINEN CLERK: An' he says, "Honest to goodness, Mame, I'm plumb nuts about you, you've got me going for fair." Then he takes the ribbon out of my hair an' says he's goin' to wear it till he gets back, an' if he's killed, it will be buried with him. No, ma'am, that's the cheapest we've got.

Some Remarks

*Heard at a Patriotic Gathering of
(German) American Citizens*

"I AM a goot American citizen, but—
Mr. Vilson is a bum President!"

"I am a goot American citizen, but
—dis conscription is all wrong!"

"I am a goot American citizen, but
—der newspapers is full of lies!"

"I am a goot American citizen, but
—dis country should not be at var vit
Chermany!"

"I am a goot American citizen, but
—dere are not many of us. Only Chorge
Sylvester Viereck, the Prohibition
lobby, Oswald Garrison Villard, Sena-
tor La Follette and der Mayor of Chi-
cago!"

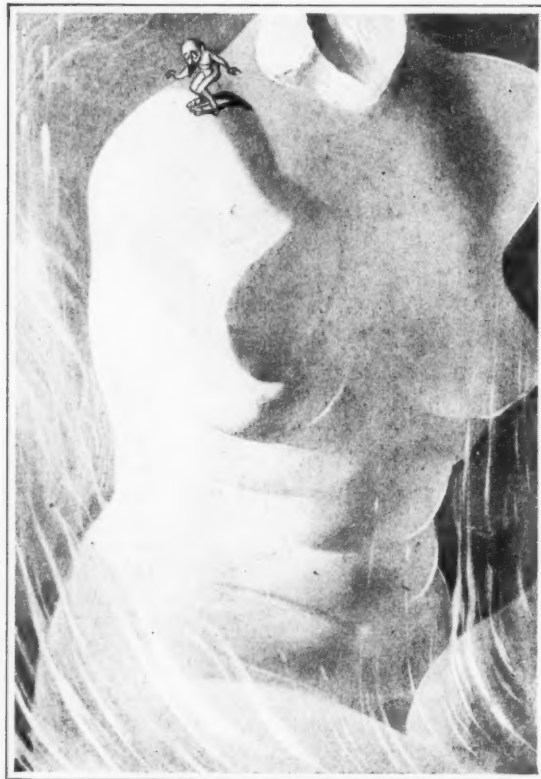
"SO young Kelly has gone wrong?"

"He has. He's escaped from
Sing Sing, in spite of his mother's
prayers!"



"HURRY, JANE! THEY'RE FALLING IN FOR PARADE."

"I DON'T CARE. THE COLONEL NEVER RETURNED MY VISIT, AND I SHAN'T ATTEND
HER OLD PARADE."



THE BRIGHTER SIDE OF HELL
THE ART CRITIC

Here Passed the Hun!

HERE passed the Hun! Not in the long ago
A path more pitiless of scath and woe
Blazed Attila beneath the noonday sun
Than may be seen to-day where passed the Hun!

Here passed the Hun where the rose-window gleamed
Of stately Rheims, and saints in marble dreamed;
Where scholarly Louvain dozed 'mid its limes,
And Termonde bells rang rhythmic vesper chimes!

Here passed the Hun through peaceful Picardy,
Spreading his wake of wanton misery
Where Noyon walls are toppled stone from stone,
And Coucy-le-Chateau lies overthrown!

Here passed the Hun, and left but death and dearth
Where once was life and plenty and blithe mirth;
Here passed the Hun, and wreaked his ruthless wrong
Where once were women's smiles and children's song!

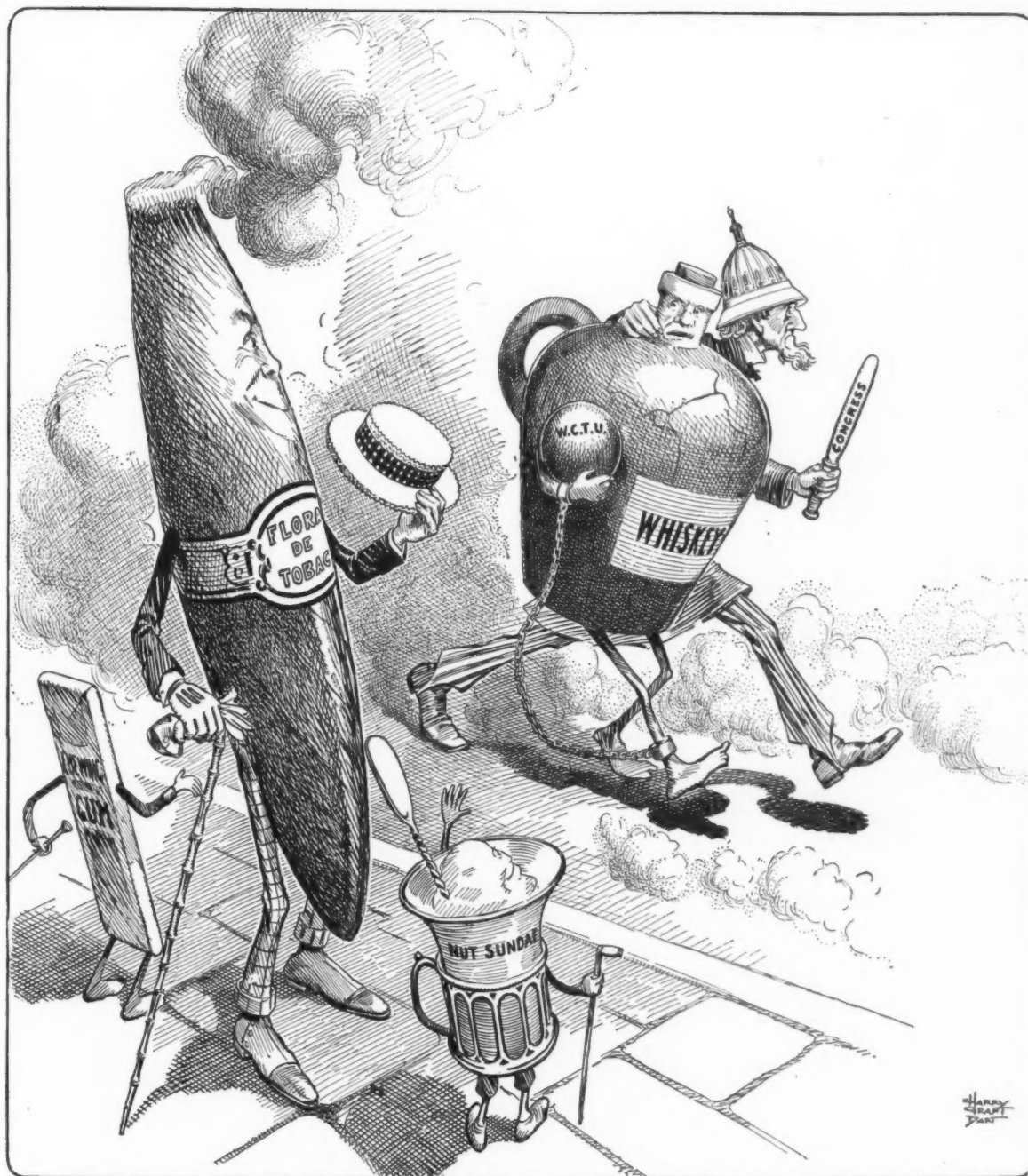
Here passed the Hun! His cruelty and crime
Are written large upon the Book of Time.
Till Time shall cease still will the legend run
In those fair ravished lands—*Here passed the Hun!*

Clinton Scollard.

No Interest

COLONEL: Now, be careful about exposing your men,
captain!

CAPTAIN (and owner of society journal): Rest easy,
colonel. There's not a chap in my troop that the public
takes the least interest in!



"YOU FELLERS NEEDN'T FEEL SO ALL-FIRED COCKY; THEY'LL BE AFTER YOU NEXT"



A KIND LADY GIVES WILLIE
A PENNY TO STOP CRYING



TEN MINUTES LATER

Be Merciful

We should have been hard at work building up a military air service two years ago.—*New York Times*.

HUSH!

Not so loud.

Certain persons of high position may be sensitive on that point.

Besides, what is a little matter of two years among enemies?

Things We Forget

THE Kaiser's speeches.

The location of the Tropic of Capricorn.

Umbrellas.

Mr. Roosevelt's third term aspirations.

That King George visited the front-line trenches.

The binomial theorem.

The second verse of our national hymn.

Last year's novels.

The Czar of Russia.

FISHERMAN (as Miss Oldgirl comes for her daily dip): Would you mind bathing a bit furdur up de beach, lady? I'm fishing for a shark, and you would scare him away!

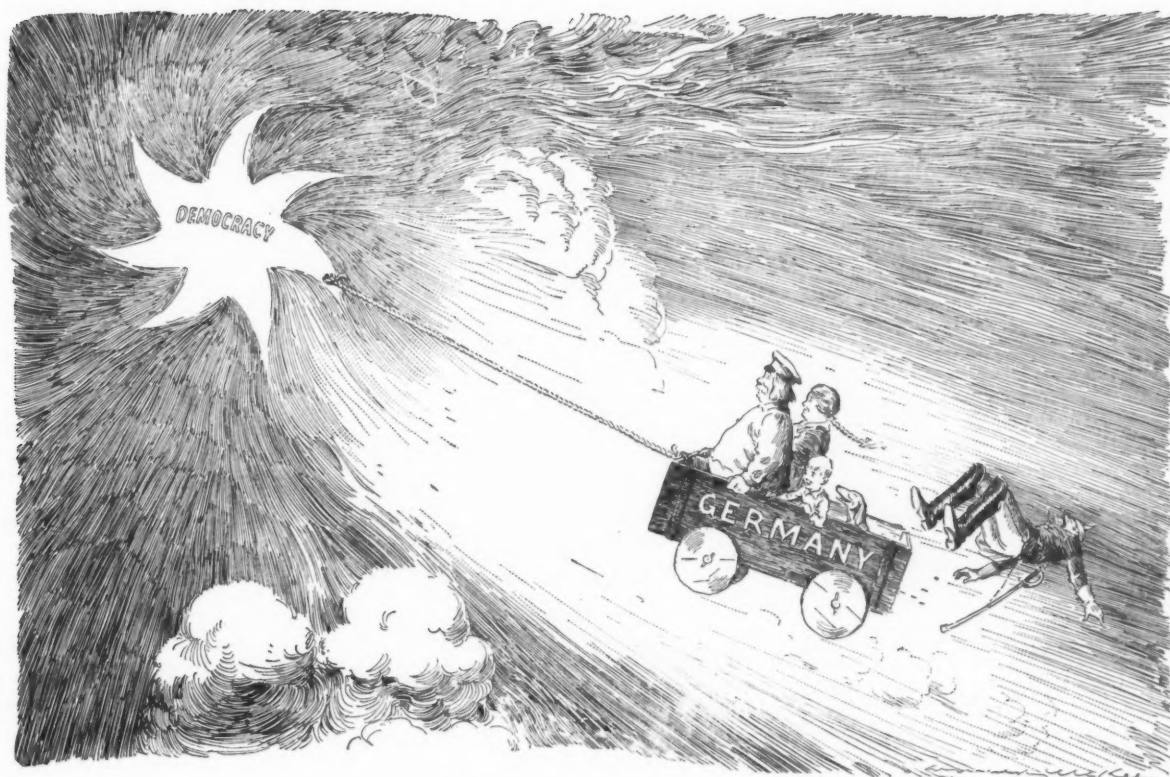


"COME NOW, YOU NEEDN'T BOTH LOOK SO INNOCENT! WHICH ONE OF YOU DID THIS?"

The Latest Books

AMERICA is learning economy. I attended a lecture the other day, where a young lady (who reminded me of Marie Antoinette, dairy-maiding at the Petit Trianon) demonstrated on an electric stove the possibility of drying carrots for winter use. She also urged us to save all our anchovy paste bottles, paté-de-foi-gras pots and boned capon jars to send quince jelly to the soldiers in. All empty containers, she said, ought to be carefully washed out and stowed away for future use. Otherwise, I gathered, we should presently be so poor that we'd have no pocketbooks to put our money in.

I HAD been reading William J. Locke's "The Red Planet" (Lane, \$1.50), and had been pretty mournful over it. Locke used to be such a treat. In "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," and "The Beloved Vagabond," and so on, he was so brim-full of a quizzically sophisticated Simple Simon-ness. Even his later books, diluted and re-diluted as their material was, had suggestions of the Locke flavor. But



HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

"The Red Planet"—a garrulous monologue in which a crippled veteran of the South African campaign sentimentalizes and mystery-mongers over his English neighbors during the present war—hasn't a taste of it. The original Locke container is plumb empty. It was due to be thrown away. But perhaps the young lady lecturer is right. It may do to send syrup to the soldiers in.

COULTON T. CADE, the author of a first novel called "Dandelions" (Knopf, \$1.50), is apparently a candidate for the vacant post of quizzically sophisticated entertainer. But instead of Locke's Simple Simon-ness, the new laughter at life's tricks has a somewhat naughty twinkle in his eye. His tale is of a gay baronet, ninth in his line, whose gold-blossomed bachelorhood is closed by a sudden and very charming romance just before his life is untimely ended; and of his son, the careful horticulture of whose bringing up is told with amusing spirit, but who, for all the gardeners' skill, brings a true dandelion bud to bloom on the last page.

IF you are a good skipper, John Buchan's technical history of "The Battle of the Somme" (Doran, \$1.50) will be likely to give you a more coordinated grasp of the strategical methods and indomitable purposes of modern war than any current book, except, perhaps, Masefield's "Gallipoli." Military history is sawdusty stuff. From Homer's Catalogue of Ships down to the tabulated commands concerned in Pickett's charge, much of its contents is creamless breakfast food to the lay palate. But John Buchan—the author of "Greenmantle" and other stirring tales—has made even this technical analysis stirring. For despite his boresome (and skipable) summarizings of detail, he has brought dramatic coherence for us out of these months and miles of seeming chaos.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, the editor for several seasons of a year book of statistics about American poetry and anthology of magazine verse for the preceding twelve months, has just published a thick volume called "The Poetic Year for 1916. A Critical Anthology" (Small, Maynard,

\$2.00). It contains the record of conversations, held between the author and some of his friends, at a series of monthly meetings in which the current poetry of the day is criticized and discussed. The idea seems excellent, and much of the talk is of a kind that the curious but prosy minded would like, if they could, to benefit by. But conversation on Parnassus seems, to the uninitiated, to be terribly toploftical.

SPEAKING of old containers, Gustav Kobbe's one time story of "Signora" and "A Child of the Opera House" has reappeared under the title of "All-of-a-Sudden Carmen" (Putnam, \$1.35), and sweet-toothed readers will find its contents—Cinderella Jam with Ugly Duckling flavor—to be marmalade to the general. *Signora* is a basket baby, left at the stage door, adopted by the doorkeeper, brought up (on an undefined diet) behind the scenes, and found at last, perhaps from association, to have grown wings. This is her third debut, though doubtless not her last appearance.

J. B. Kerfoot.



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE WEEK-ENDE ARRIVAL OF YE TOO FREQUENT VISITOR



IN YE GOODE OLDE DAYS
YE MYDNYGHT SERENADE

The Kadaverwertungsanstalten



THE German press is denying indignantly that the great German Kadaverwertungsanstalten, or Corpse Utilization Establishments, use the corpses of anything but animals. An indignant denial by the German press has come to be overwhelming proof of the correctness of that which is denied. The German press denied indignantly that the Liberty Loan had been taken up, that the German army had ever met with a defeat, that Germany had anything but friendly feelings for the United States, that Rheims Cathedral was fired on except from military necessity, that atrocities had been committed anywhere except by French, British, Belgian and Russian soldiers, that the German fleet had been defeated in the Battle of Jutland, that the German army was the first to use poison gas, that the German army was the first to violate Belgium's neutrality, and that Germany started the war. In every case the German press has lied with the utmost fluency. The German press shouldn't be believed under oath; for the last three years have proved that an oath means nothing to a fighting German. That the German press lies again when it denies indignantly that the Corpse Utilization Establishments use anything but the corpses of animals is demonstrated by an order issued by the headquarters of the Sixth German Army Corps de-

RECRUITING OFFICE



GIVING THE DEVIL HIS DUE

manding that when corpses are sent to the Corpse Utilization Establishments, returns be made regarding the units to which the corpses belonged, the date of their deaths, and the sicknesses or dis-

eases, if any, which killed them. The Ananias Club is emphatically overshadowed by the German Press Club.
Kenneth Roberts.

Senatorial Camouflage

REALLY the Senate can't be so bad as the papers make out. The published reports of what it does must be in the line of *camouflage* to deceive the enemy. Of course Stone, La Follette, Gronna and that ilk will do what they can to hobble the war, but as for the generality of the senators, what has really been going on of late can't have been what appeared on the canvas.

BILTON: Aren't you spending too much?

MRS. BILTON: No, dear; you don't make enough for me to do that.

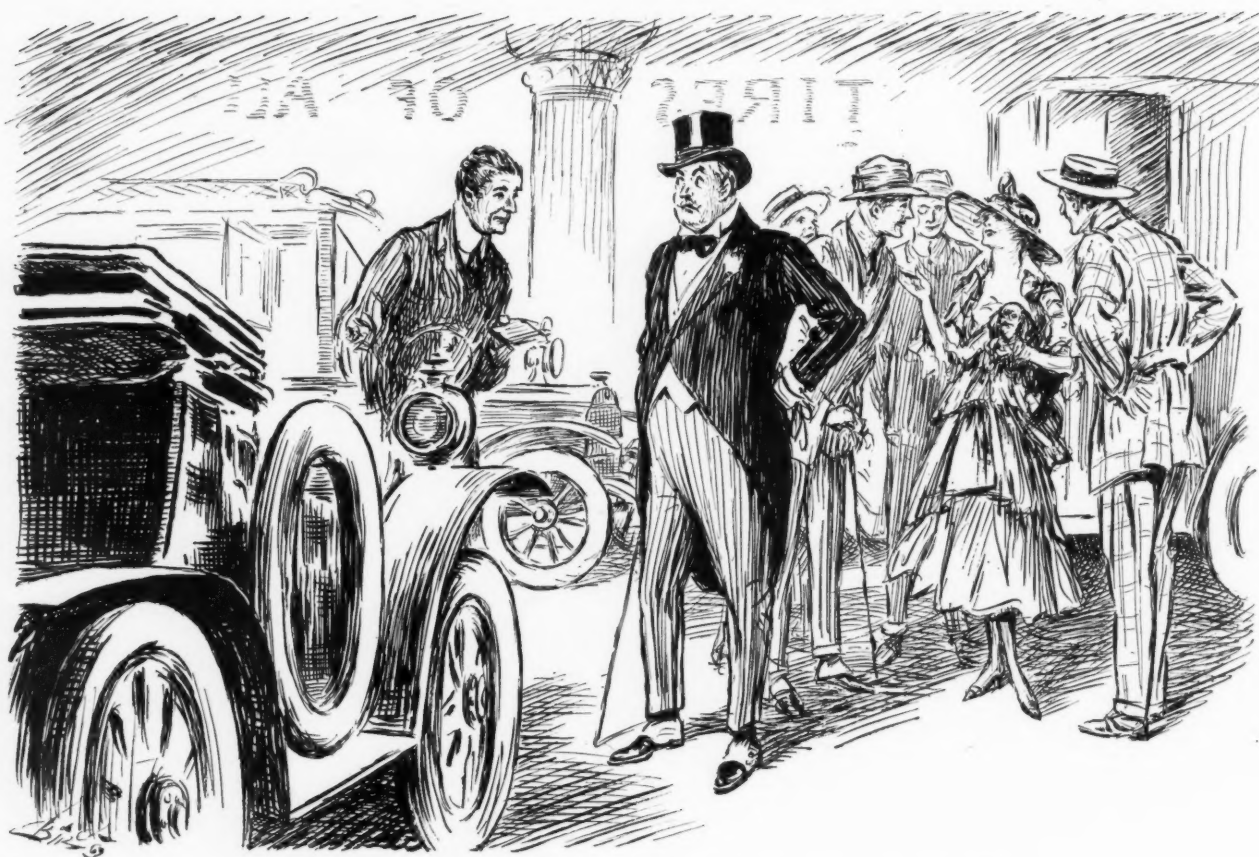


THE EMBARGO



1950'

Commandress: YOU MAY FIRE WHEN YOU'RE READY, MYRTLE.
"AYE! AYE! MA'AM."



"THIS CAR IS FOR MY WIFE'S SOLE USE. HOW LONG WILL YOU GUARANTEE IT?"

"FIRST OR SECOND WIFE, SIR?"

How to Tell a Well-Bred Dog

IF he defies all the laws of natural beauty and symmetry,
 If he has a disease calling for specialists,
 If he cannot eat anything but Russian caviar and broiled
 sweetbreads,
 If he costs more than a six-cylinder roadster,
 If he must be bathed in rose water and fed out of a cut-
 glass bowl,
 If he cannot be touched by the naked hand, or patted more
 than twice a day,
 If he refuses to wear anything but imported leather col-
 lars,
 If he has to sleep on a silk cushion,
 If he dies before you can get him home,
 Then he is a well-bred dog.

Epidemic

DASHER: Two-thirds of the world now are at war.
 FANNING: Yes; the thing's becoming almost as gen-
 eral as a neighborhood row.



"Oft in the stilly night"



White Rock

The leading
mineral water
because of its
superiority



Songs They Really Sing

Come on, dirty soldiers,
Wash your bloomin' clothes.
Where you get the soap from
Goodness only knows.

Clean and brush your tunics,
Give your socks a rub.
While you're looking for the soap
Some blighter's pinched your tub.

—Pearson's Magazine.

A Boomerang

"Willie, your master's report of your work is very bad. Do you know that when Woodrow Wilson was your age he was head of the school?"

"Yes, pa; and when he was your age he was President of the United States."

—Tit-Bits.

"JOHN, what is a proletariat?"

"Mary, my dear, I am astonished you should ask me such a question, and before the children, too!"

—Baltimore American.



City Nephew: GRACIOUS! HAVE YOU EMPTIED THAT COW ALREADY, UNCLE? IT LOOKED AS IF IT WOULD HOLD A BARREL!

Lack of Faith Proven

During an extended drought, down in the land that inspires the ragtime song writers, the "Rev'end" George Washington called a gathering of his colored brethren to supplicate the Lord for rain. Before he opened his sermon the "Rev'end" surveyed his congregation critically, and with increasing dissatisfaction. At last he lamented:

"De lack ob faith ob yo' niggers is scandalous and sinful, and makes my heart sore and weary and plumb afear'd for your souls. Heah we hab gathered to beg de Lord to stop de drought dat is burning up our fields, and to bless us with rain in abundance. And not one, no, sah, not one ob yo' disgraceful sinners had faith enough to bring an umbrella to go home with."

—Everybody's Magazine.

COUNTRY LADY: I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and haven't received it yet.

POST OFFICE CLERK: Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint.

LADY: Well, if you must know, it's indigestion.—Passing Show.

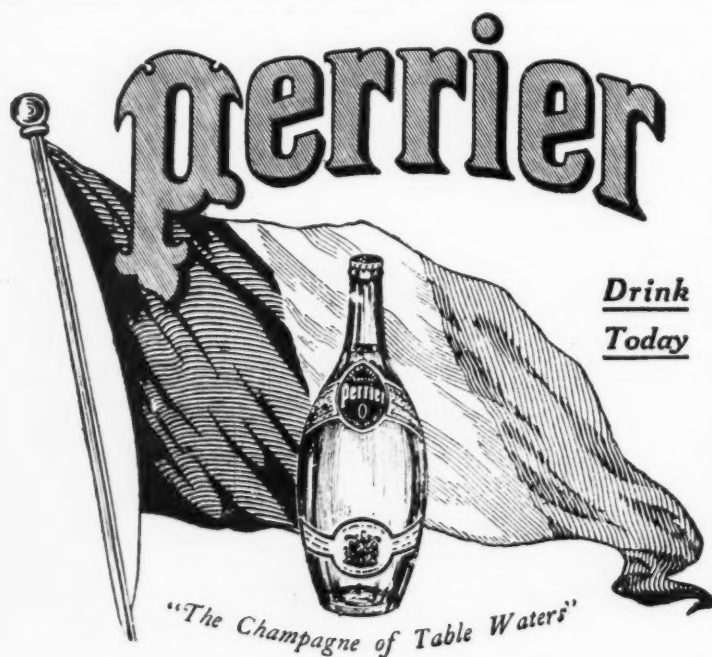
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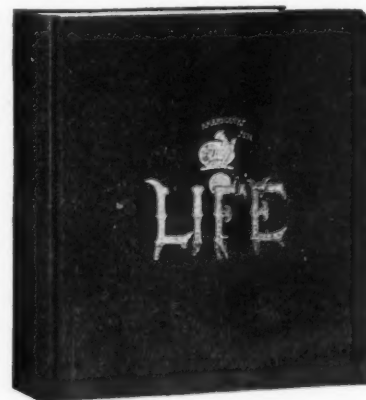
Sold Everywhere

A NEW IDEA IN BINDERS

Until now LIFE has never been able to supply its readers with an entirely satisfactory binder for the convenient and safe preservation of the copies of the journal.

The new invention expands or contracts at will, and makes a convenient volume to handle as well as being very simple in operation.

It is handsomely made, the outside being black Art Buckram with cover design in gilt, and is made to hold a full year's copies of LIFE.



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French Babies

(Continued from page 222)

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 1472. Pierre Audebert. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.
 1491. Andrée Billette. S. C. Milligan, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 1416. Léon Blaineau. John and Robert Taylor, Yonkers, N. Y.
 1436. Louise Blanchet. Mary, Susan and Hiram Todd, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
 1471. Marie Blanchet. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.
 1507. Louise Bonnières. E. L. Sanborn, Central Armonia, Bolondron, Cuba.
 1446. Georges Boucart. East Side High School, Newark, N. J.
 1479. Lucie Boucher. Mary Marion, D. A. R., Knoxville, Iowa, and Chapter M., P. E. O., Iowa.
 1470. Lucienne Bougosse. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.
 1417. Simone Bourgogne. Elizabeth Roome, New York City.
 1480. Georges Bourgoine. Pilgrim Chapter, D. A. R., Iowa City, Iowa, and Mrs. E. H. Johnson, Fort Dodge, Iowa.
 1424. Alexandre Bourmier. Miss Isabel Danforth, New York City.
 1439. Henriette Boussaut. Gioia Vitale, Great Barrington, Mass.
 1469. Marie Bouyssoix. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.
 1499. Ernest Brusseau. Chas. Sine, Calgary, Alberta.
 1448. Marie Cardon. The Monday Club, New York City.
 1498. Raymond Carion. Talbot Baker, Framingham Centre, Mass.
 1465. Bastien Casanova. Sir John Eaton, Ardwood, Toronto.
 1455. Denise Castanié. Miss Dorothy Van Alstyne, Maplewood, N. J.
 1508. Roger Chancellier. E. L. Sanborn, Central Armonia, Bolondron, Cuba.
 1496. Albert Charneau. Mrs. W. Searls Rose, Caldwell, N. J.
 1495. Jean Chauvet. R. Brooks, New York City.
 1503. Roger Chesneau. "From Virginia."
 1418. Léonie Colin. The Juvenile Sewing Club of Berkeley, Ethel Allen, Lucia Gray, Louisa Justice, Jane Richardson, Elizabeth Rusk, Ann, Eleanor and Mary Wheeler, through Mrs. F. R. Wheeler, Berkeley, Cal.
 1500. Yvonne Collean. Doris Marie Clarke, Fiskeville, R. I.
 1426. Marcelle Cosnard. Anonymous, Canon City, Colo.
 1409. André Crétel. The pupils of the James-Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio.
 1410. Louise Crétel. The pupils of the James-Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio.
 1457. Denise Christophe. S. P. R., London, England.
 1504. Charles Debono. C. H. Scovell, Boston, Mass.
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A Natural Product
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BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.



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There's a thought here for every man who is shooting any kind or make of pistol or revolver. Remington UMC Revolver and Pistol Cartridges are produced for every standard make and caliber of arm.

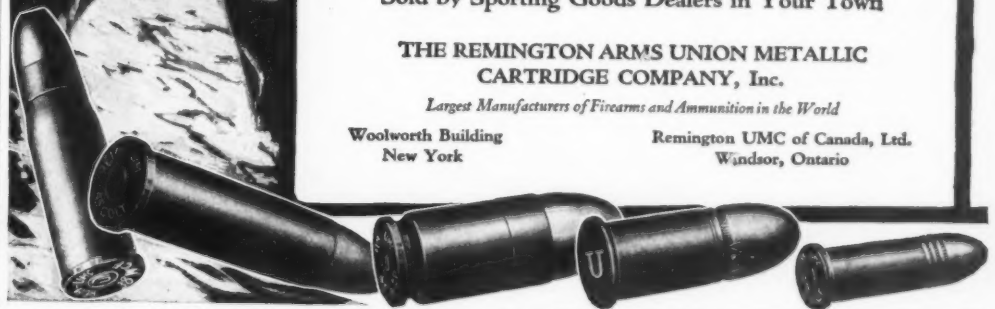
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



A Record Breaker

Along the Fox River, a few miles above Wedron, Ill., an old-timer named Andy Haskins has a shack, and he has made most of the record fish catches in that vicinity during forty years. He has a big record book containing dates and weights to impress visitors.

Last summer a young married couple from Chicago camped in a luxurious lodge three miles above old Haskins's place. A baby was born at the lodge, and the only scales the father could obtain on which to weigh the child was that with which Andy Haskins had weighed all the big fish he had caught in ten years.

The baby tipped the scales at thirty-five pounds!—*New York Globe*.

Accounting for It

Levi Cohen was looking very dejected. That morning he left the house with five pounds in his pocket to try his luck at the races, but, alas! he had returned at nightfall footsore and weary, and nothing in his possession but a bad half-penny.

No wonder his better half was in a bad temper. "How is it," she snapped, "that you're so unlucky at the races, and yet you always win at cards?"

"Well, my dear," responded Levi, meekly, "you see, it's this way: I don't shuffle the horses."—*Tit-Bits*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Sure of Getting His

"The first shall be last and the last shall be first," quoted the devout citizen.

"It makes no difference to me how you arrange 'em," replied the expert commercialist. "I'll get mine either way. I'm the middleman."

—*Washington Star*.



As in Much Greater Cases

"Johnny, it was very wrong for you and the boy next door to fight."

"We couldn't help it, father."

"Could you not have settled your differences by a peaceful discussion of the matter, calling in the assistance of unprejudiced opinion, if need be?"

"No, father. He was sure he could whip me, and I was sure I could whip him, and there was only one way to find out."—*Washington Star*.

Delicately Put

"I do hope you appreciate that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted girl?"

"I do, sir! And I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."

—*Passing Show*.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette

25¢



Anaroyas
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

THE fat lady among the freaks was giving the living skeleton a little friendly advice. "Subscribe for LIFE," she said, "and you'll laugh every week. And if you laugh, you're bound to grow fat."



THINGS THAT NEVER WERE

He: KISSING'S AWFULLY JOLLY AND ALL THAT—BUT DOESN'T THIS SEEM FEARFULLY FLAT AFTER THE "MOVIES"?



—small
wounds and abrasions
should be immediately protected
against infection by the use of

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic



"Are you fond of rice, Miss Hen?"
 "Oh, Mr. Leghorn! Te-hee, this is
 so sudden!"

We Give It Away

The Miniature Edition of

Life

Number Four

Now Ready

Long experience has demonstrated to us that this little LIFE is great, not only to little men, but to big men, medium men and all women and children. It is of course beautifully printed in colors, and in all respects is an exact reproduction in miniature of the larger LIFE. It contains the best things that have appeared in LIFE for a number of years.

Do you want a copy?

Send us your address and name and a perfectly good, uncanceled U. S. two-cent stamp, and you will receive it by return mail.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

Worse Than the Germans

Fort Slocum near New Rochelle is the receiving point for recruits for all branches of the regular army service. Many thousands of recruits are here given their final physical examination and passed as physically, mentally and morally fit to serve our country in this great war of vital significance.

What happens to the recruits after they have passed the physical examination? Each and every one is inoculated against typhus and "for general immunity." This inoculation involves injection under the right arm three times, ten days elapsing between the first and second and second and third injections. About nine days after the first injection, a blood test is taken.

At the time of the first injection of typhus serum, the recruit is also vaccinated against smallpox. The vaccination is on the left arm. If it has not taken when seven days have elapsed, there is re-vaccination.

Touching the recent experiences at Fort Slocum, there broke out amongst these formerly healthy men several cases of typhoid, many cases of pneumonia and measles. There were many severe colds. One recruit relates that immediately on receiving the third inoculation against typhus and "for general immunity," his throat became sore. A great many of the recruits suffered from severe and almost constant coughing and could not sleep.

What is here related of the happenings at Fort Slocum is fully supported by affidavit. It actually applies to the entire army in all its branches, and it will apply to the million or more men who will soon be conscripted. No wonder the volunteer system didn't work.

—From *The Open Door*.

Hollow Hopes

"Never despair. Somewhere beyond the clouds the sun is shining."

"Yes, and somewhere below the sea there's solid bottom. But that doesn't help a man when he falls overboard."

—*London Opinion*.



Stammerer. H-HEL-HELLO! M-MISS S-SMYTHER? I B-BUR-BET Y-YO-YOU DO-D-DON'T KNOW WH-WHO THUT-THIS IS!

Raw coffee
 Never!
 "Toasted" coffee
 Every time!

Toasting
 makes things
 delicious

Have you
 smoked the famous
 toasted
 cigarette?

LUCKY
 STRIKE

It's
 toasted

Guaranteed by
 The American Tobacco Co.
 INCORPORATED



The Garter "Hit" of the Season

The New Double Grip Boston Garter

Two "Velvet Grips," Satin Pads, Cable Web

A new grade far superior to any garter sold heretofore for less than 50 cents. Holds the sock at two points and insures neat and trim ankles. Ideal for year-round wear. Worn with any style or weight of underwear. Does not bind—is extremely light and gives the utmost security and comfort.

Try a pair today. Ask for number 835 Boston Garter. 35 cents.

"Double Grips," 35c-50c.

"Single Grips," 25c-50c.

GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON

People One Meets Nowadays At a Summer Resort

THE woman who has with her a nineteen-year-old son, who spends most of his time playing golf, and of whom his mother is constantly saying: "John is frightfully anxious to go to the front, but he hasn't been at all well, you know, and of course the President, I am sure, would think it quite bad policy for anyone to go who isn't physically fit."

The sport girl with her own motor and no visible family.

The family with no motor and no visible support.

The Baptist clergyman who lectures for the Red Cross on Thursday eve-



"WHEN ONE IS WISE, TWO ARE HAPPY"

ning in the ladies' parlor on "When the War Ends."

The bridge fiend who assaults you as you come out of the dining-room with his "How about that rubber?"

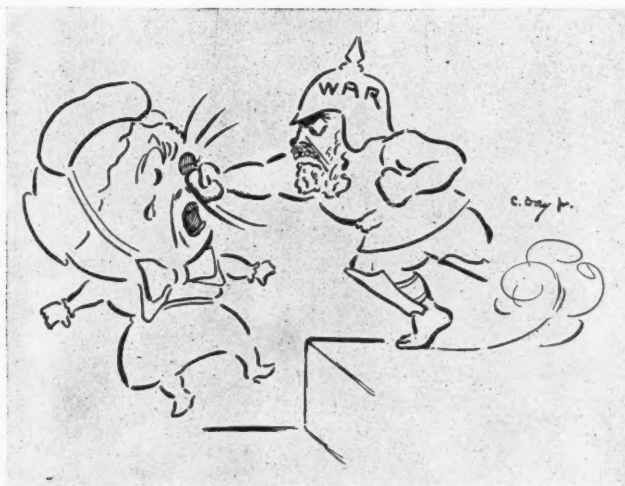
The woman who is known as the German spy.

The "distinguished author" who employs a "secretary," and who proves, upon intimate probing, to be the author of the *vox populi* letters to

the editor which are appearing in certain Canadian papers.

The lonely, cheerful-faced girl whose boy is in France, but who never mentions it.

AESCULAPIUS, one of our oldest and best known physicians, has discovered that a year's subscription to LIFE will cure the most obstinate case of melancholia.—Athens Courier.



The End of the World?

NO. It's not. She is being pretty cruelly battered, but she will survive. This madness, this thing we call War, that attacks her at times, has terrible powers, but it hasn't the power to last.

While it's here, there are some compensations. We are stirred to our depths, we are all more alive, more sincere. There was never such a time for true friendships, and for all that's most real.

The Metropolitan Magazine is fighting its part in this war. Read its searching editorials that keep just ahead of the times, its news of conditions abroad by the keen William Hard, its articles by Roosevelt that ring out across the whole land, its spirited, truth-dealing fiction, its words of the future,—that new and more vigorous age that is already dawning.

It's the kind of a magazine American homes need in war-time.

In the September Metropolitan—Just Out

Snakebite (a complete novelette)
by ROBERT HICHENS

An Editorial Message
by THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Adventures and Letters of
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The Balkans and Our Part in This War
by WILLIAM HARD

Adventures in Spiritualism
by Metropolitan Readers

The Perils of Writing for the Movies
by W. J. ABBOTT

AT ALL GOOD NEWSSTANDS—AUGUST 8th

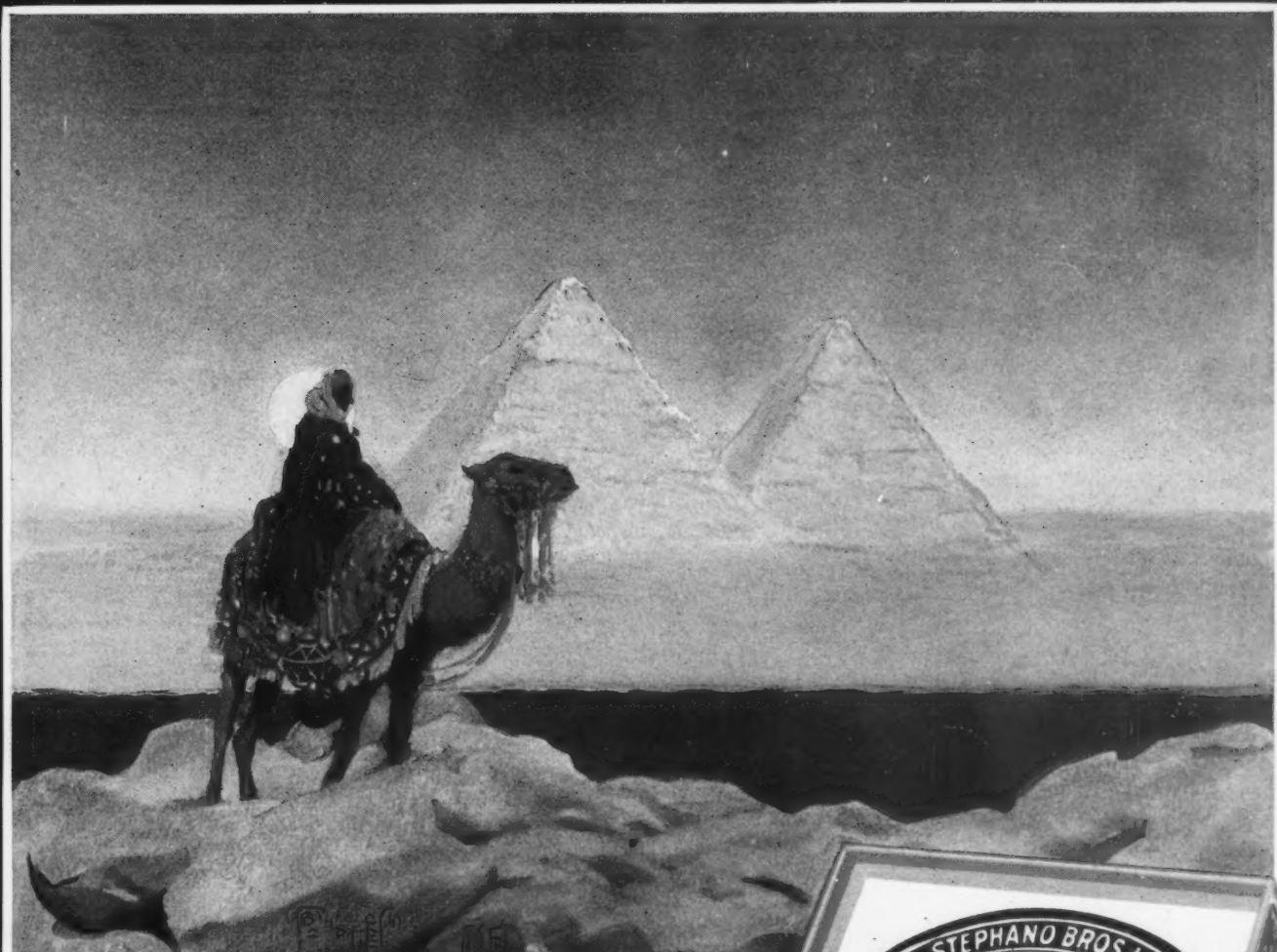
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RAMESES

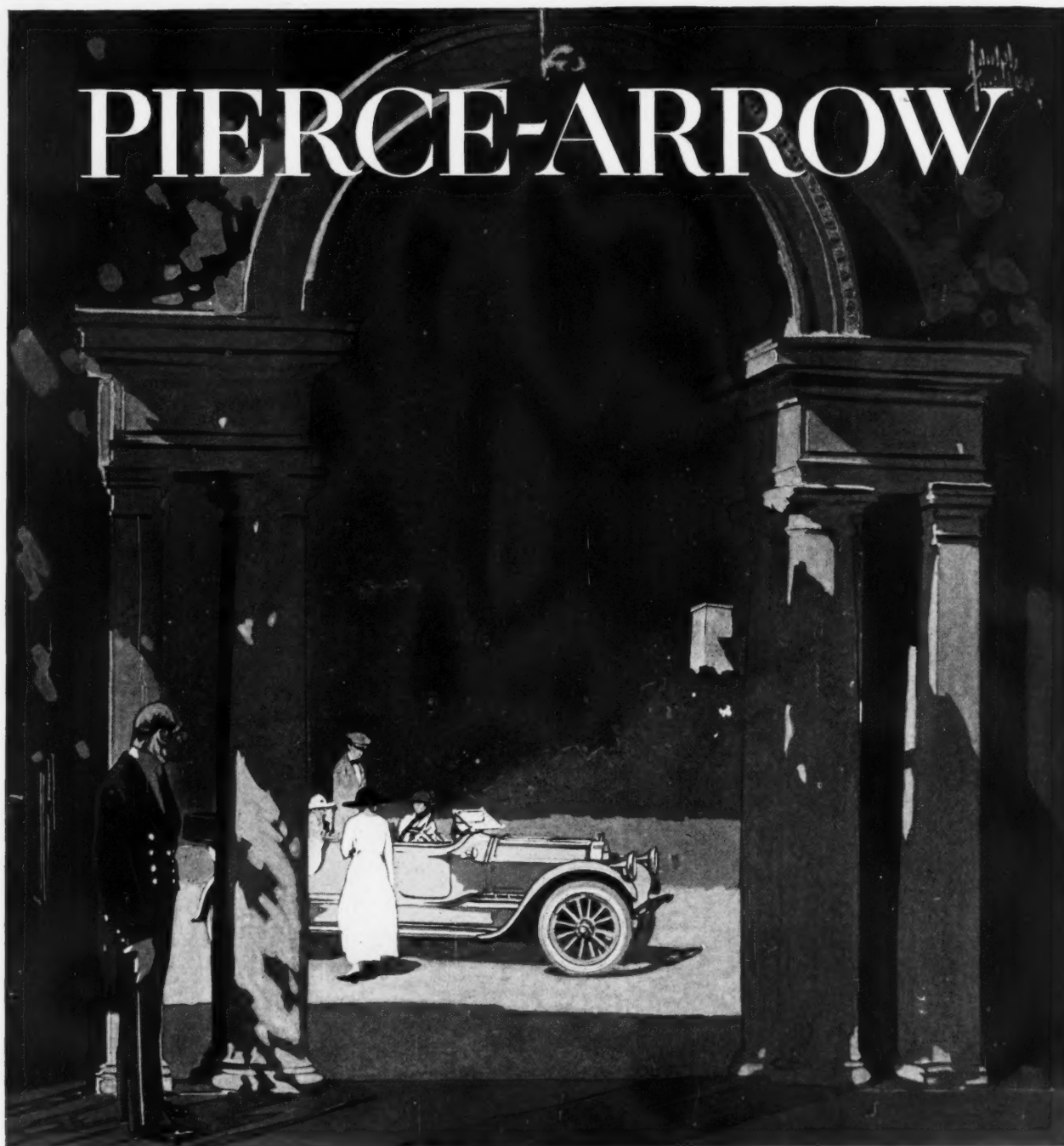
THE ARISTOCRAT
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“NOBODY EVER
CHANGES FROM
RAMESES”

IN TENS TWENTIES AND WEEK-END TINS
RAMESES LARGE SIZE FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS



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IT is one of the finer results that come with the accumulated wisdom of experience that one learns to judge in terms of quality rather than in terms of cost. The estimation in which the Pierce-Arrow is held is greater today than ever before, and greatest among those who have known and used it longest.



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